

POETRY.

THE DEATH OF JEFFERSON.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.
I have done for my country, and for all mankind,
all that I could do, and now I resign my soul,
without fear, to my God; and my daughter to my
country.—Jefferson's Dying Words.

The eloquent tongue is mute,
The eagle eye is dim;
He hears not thy salute—
What is this woe to him?
For though an earthquake rent
The mighty earth in twain,
And shook the firmament—
He would not wake again!

All that was earthly, lies
Low in the grave beneath!
His heavenly port defies,
The mightiest of Death!
Then let the thunders roll,
The mighty cannons roar—
They cannot reach his soul
Upon that happy shore!

All that he wished below
From mortal man, was given—
What earth could not bestow
Is granted him in heaven.
For fed by FREEDOM'S hand,
He grew from infancy,
The mightiest of the land—
His cradle Linnæus.

The sunshine on the plains,
The cattle on the hills;
The heart that now complains,
The bosom that now thrills;
The joyous things of earth,
The morn, the noon, the even—
All testified his worth,
As it is known in heaven.

He prayed but to survive
To see that blessed day,
And God said, Let him live!
And death then passed away,
And strengthened, soothed, sustained
By that MYSTIC POWER,
He never more complained,
But mended from that hour.

His faith had power to cause
That which was not to be,
And baffled Nature's laws.
And flattered Destiny.
His soul was in the faith
Of living anchored fast;
And when he bowed to Death,
The hour he wished had passed.

He saw the FIELDS OF BLESS
Spread out before his eyes,
A brighter world than this—
THE HEAVENLY PARADISE.
And, Prophet-like, he stood
Upon the MOUNT OF TIME,
And saw beyond the flood
ETERNITY sublime!

He went not down as one
That knew mortality;
But set as sets the sun
Upon the far-off sea!
And though his lips are mute,
His eagle eye is dim—
He hears not thy salute—
We have the light of him.

The hand of God above
Led him along the way
Of never dying love
TO EVERLASTING DAY.
Bright as the eternal sun,
The Lord of Heaven shall be
The race that thou hast run,
Through all eternity!

Then shout for him no more—
Cease now your revelry—
For who can hail that shore
Which bounds eternity?
For in that far-off LAND,
Beyond the reach of thought,
He joins the PATRIOT BAND
Who first for FREEDOM fought.

THE BARGAIN AND SALE OF 1825.
The New York Tribune attempts to do away with
the charge of bargain and intrigue against Clay and
Adams in 1825, by blustering language. This
might have done in 1840, but the sober second
thought of the people now require other argu-
ments. The Tribune asks, "what need was there
of a bargain? What inducement to it?" These
questions we will answer in their regular order.
The need of a bargain was because if Clay had
not transferred his friends to, and elected Adams, he
could not have been Secretary of State. The in-
ducement besides the office, was that as most of
the Presidents had stepped from the office of Sec-
retary of State into the Presidency, Mr. Clay's
overweening anxiety to be made President, induced
him to resort to a foul bargain, and by which he
cheated Gen. Jackson out of the presidency, to
place himself in the line of "safe precedent."

Again the Tribune says, "if there had been a
bargain, it would have been arranged that Mr.
Clay should not at first take the post of Secretary
of State, but come in after the affair had blown
over, at the end of a year or two." True, all this
might have been done, but in bargaining for the
presidency, what assurance could Mr. Clay have
had that "at the end of a year or two," Adams
would have fulfilled his promise? Might he not
have proved as treacherous to Clay, as Clay did to
his constituents, whose will he had set at naught,
and whose instructions he had violated? Certainly
he might. Clay thought "a bird in the hand was
worth two in the bush,"—the Secretaryship of
State, better for 4 years than "for a year or two"
less, and hence like Judas Iscariot, he reaped the
full reward of his treachery.—*Statenman.*

"Hullo, Ned, what's the matter?"
"Matter enough—John Jones called
me a liar, and I'm looking for him to
cane him."

"But, Ned, Jones is much the larger
man of the two, and it may prove a
somewhat dangerous operation."

"True enough—I don't think I can
cane Jones, but d—n him, I'll stone
his dog!"

A writer in the London Globe con-
tends, that three million quarters of
foreign grain will be required before
harvest.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

A Thrilling and Instructive tale of the
Revolution.

BY MRS. S. GOURNEY.

It was the day before Christmas, in
the year 1778, that during our war of
revolution, an armed vessel sailed out
of the port of Boston.—She was strong-
ly built, and carried 20 guns with a
hundred, and provisions for a cruise of
six months. As she spread her broad
white sails, and steered from the harbor
with a fair, fresh breeze, she made a no-
ble appearance. Many throbbing
hearts breathed a blessing on her voy-
age, for she bore a company of as bold
and skilful seamen as ever dared the
perils of the deep. But soon the north
wind blew, and brought a heavy sea
into the bay. The night proved dark,
and they came to anchor with difficul-
ty near the harbor of Plymouth. The
strong gale that buffeted them became
a storm, and the storm a hurricane.

Snow fell, and the cold was terribly
severe. The vessel was driven from
her mooring and struck on a reef of
rocks. She began to fill with water,
and they were obliged to cut away her
masts. The sea rose above the main
deck, sweeping over it at every
surge. They made every exertion
that courage could prompt or hardi-
hood endure. But so fearful were the
wind and cold, that the stoutest man
was not able to strike more than two
blows in cutting away the masts, with-
out being relieved by another. The
wretched people thronged together up-
on the quarter deck, which was crowd-
ed almost to suffocation. They were
exhausted with toil and suffering, but
could obtain neither provisions or fresh
water. They were all covered by the
deep sea, when the vessel became a
wreck. But unfortunately the crew
got access to ardent spirits, and many
of them drank to intoxication. Insur-
ordination, mutiny and madness ensu-
ed, the officers remained clear minded,
but lost all authority over the crew,
who raved round the n. A more fright-
ful scene can scarcely be imagined.—
The dark sky, the raging storm, the
waves breaking wildly over the rocks,
and threatening every moment to swal-
low up the broken vessel, and the half
frozen beings who maintained their icy
hold on life, lost to reason and to duty,
fighting fiercely with each other.—
Some lay in disgusting stupidity, others,
with fiery faces, blasphemed God.—
Some in temporary delirium, fancied
themselves in palaces, surrounded by
luxury, and brutally abused the servants
who they supposed refused to do their
bidding. Others there were, who,
amid the beating of that pitiless tem-
pest, believed themselves in the home
that they never more must see, and
with hollow, reproachful voices, be-
sought bread, and wondered why wa-
ter was withheld from them by the
hands that were most dear. A few
whose worst passions were quickened
by alcohol to a fiend-like fury, assailed
or wounded those who came in their
way, making their shrieks of defiance
and their curses heard above the roar
of the storm. Intemperance never dis-
played itself in more distressing atti-
tudes. At length, death began to do
his work. The miserable creatures
fell dead every hour upon the deck,
being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse,
as it became breathless, was laid upon
the heap of dead, that more space might
be left for the survivors. Those who
drank most freely, were the first to per-
ish. On the third day of these horrors
the inhabitants of Plymouth, after mak-
ing many ineffectual attempts, reached
the wreck, not without danger.—
What a melancholy spectacle! Life-
less bodies stilted in every form that
suffering could devise. Many lay in a
vast pile. Others sat with their heads
reclining on the knees; others grasp-
ing the ice covered ropes; some in a
posture of defence like the dying gladi-
ator; others, with their hands held up
to heaven, as if deprecating their fate.
Orders were given to search earnestly
for every mark or sign of life. One
boy was distinguished amidst the mass
of dead, only by the trembling of one
of his eye-lids.—The poor survivors
were kindly received into the houses of
the people of Plymouth, and every ef-
fort used for their restoration. The
Captain and Lieutenant, and a few
others, who abstained from the use of
ardent spirits, survived. The remain-
der were buried, some in separate
graves, and others in a large pit, whose
hollow is still to be seen on the south-
west side of the burial ground in Ply-
mouth. The funeral obsequies were
most solemn. When the clergyman
who was to perform the last services,
first entered, and saw more than seven-
ty dead bodies, some fixing upon him
their stoney eyes, and others with fa-
ces stiffened into the horrible expres-
sion of their last mortal agony, he was
so affected as to faint.

Some were brought on shore alive,
and received every attention, but sur-
vived only a short time. Others were
restored after long sickness, but with
their limbs so injured by the frost, as
to become cripples for life.

In a village at some distance from
Plymouth, a widowed mother with her
daughter, were seen constantly attend-
ing a couch on which lay a sufferer.

It was the boy whose trembling eye-lid
attracted the notice of pity, as he lay
among the dead.

"Mother," he said, in a feeble tone,
"God bless you for having taught me
to avoid ardent spirits. It was this that
saved me. After those around me
grew intoxicated, I had enough to do
to protect myself from them. Some
attacked and dared me to fight. Oth-
ers pressed the poisonous draught to
my lips and bade me drink. My lips
and throat were parched with thirst.
But I knew if I drank with them, I must
lose my reason, as they did, and per-
haps blaspheme my Maker."

"One by one they died, these poor,
infuriated wretches. Their shrieks
still seem to ring in my ears. It was
in vain that the Captain and other offi-
cers, and a few good men, warned them
of what would ensue, if they thus con-
tinued to drink—and tried every meth-
od in their power to restore them to
order. They still fed upon the intoxi-
cating liquors. They grew delirious,
they died in heaps."

"Dear mother, our sufferings from
hunger and cold you cannot imagine.
After my feet were frozen but before
I lost the use of my hands, I discover-
ed a box among the fragments of the
wreck, far under water. I toiled with
a rope to drag it up. But my strength
was not sufficient. A comrade who
was still able to move a little, assisted
me. At length it came within our
reach. We hoped that it might con-
tain bread, and took courage. Uniting
our strength we burst it open. It con-
tained only a few bottles of olive oil.—
Yet we gave God thanks. For we
found that by occasionally moistening
our lips with it, and swallowing a little
it allayed the gnawing, burning pain in
the stomach. Then my comrade died,
and I laid beside him as one dead, sur-
rounded by corpses. Presently the
violence of the tempest that had so
long raged subsided—and I heard quick
footsteps and strange voices amid the
wreck where we lay. They were the
blessed people of Plymouth, who had
dared every danger, to save us. They
lifted in their arms and wrapped in
blankets all who could speak. Then
they earnestly sought all who could
move. But every drunkard was among
the dead. And I was so exhausted
with toil, suffering and cold that I could
not stretch a hand to my deliverers.
They passed me again and again.—
They carried the living to the boat.
I feared that I was left behind. Then
I prayed earnestly in my heart, "O
Lord, for the sake of my widowed moth-
er, for the sake of my dear sister, save
me." Methought the last man had
gone, and I besought the Redeemer to
receive my spirit. But I felt a warm
breath on my face. I strained every
nerve. My whole soul strove and
shuddered within me. Still my body
was immovable as marble. Then a
loud voice said, "Come back, and help
me out with this poor lad. One of
his eye-lids trembles—he lives." Oh,
the music of that sweet voice to me!
The trembling eye-lid, the prayer to
God, and your lessons of temperance,
my mother, saved me."

Then the loving sister embraced him
with tears, and the mother said, "Praise
be to him who hath spared my son to
be the comfort of my age."

A MIRROR FOR STATESMEN.
There is much truth and point in the
following brief political catechism from
the Lynchburgh Republican. Notwith-
standing the frankness and consistency
ascribed to their idol, by the worship-
pers of the whig champion of the Bank
of the United States, against which,
in the days of his political purity, he
made by far the best speech he ever
delivered—far better than the boasted
harangues which he has spoken since
he has changed his youthful principles;
we venture to assert that the career
of no public man, has exhibited such
glaring contradictions and flagrant in-
consistencies as those which mark the
devious path of Henry Clay. It would
be very easy to add a long list to the
catalogue presented below. Globe.

From the Lynchburgh Republican.

POLITICAL CATECHISM.

Who opposed a United States Bank
in 1811, as an institution unconstitutional,
inexpedient and dangerous? Henry Clay.

Who has been foremost in denounc-
ing Andrew Jackson for putting down
that institution? Henry Clay.

Who, shortly after our last war with
Great Britain, spoke of General Jack-
son, as one "who has shed so much glo-
ry on our country—one whose renown
constitutes so great a portion of the
moral property of the nation?" Henry Clay.

Who has been endeavoring for near-
ly twenty years past to tarnish the
hard earned reputation of the patriot
Jackson, whose renown constitutes so
great a portion of the moral worth of
the nation? Henry Clay.

Who declared that he would rather
war, pestilence and famine should vis-
it our shores, than that a military man
be elected President of the United
States? Henry Clay.

Who afterwards told his friends that
they would do him a peculiar favor by
voting for General Harrison, a milita-
ry chieftain? Henry Clay.

Who was held by his friends as the
father of the protective system? Who

declared that he had cherished that sys-
tem with paternal fondness? Who
quarrelled with democratic Senators,
because they consented to a reduction
of a high tariff in 1832? Henry Clay.

Who now endeavors to convince
the Georgians, through Dr. Bronson,
that he regards and has always regarded
a high tariff as eminently dangerous?
Henry Clay.

Who joined a masonic society in very
early life, and continued a member of
it for 30 years, attending its meetings
quite frequently during his membership,
going through about 6 degrees, and on
one important and interesting occasion
acting as orator for the lodge to which
he belonged? Henry Clay.

Who has recently written a letter to
the anti-masons declaring, that in
early life he became a mason through
youthful curiosity, and that he never
had a taste for the mysteries of the or-
der? Henry Clay.

Who spoke of Francis P. Blair, the
present editor of the Globe, as the per-
sonal friend with whom he differed in
political sentiments with the deepest
pain? Henry Clay.

Who declined visiting Indiana pre-
vious to the State election in 1842 upon
the ground that it might be construed
into an electioneering movement on
his part? Henry Clay.

Who visited Ohio on the eve of her
State elections the same year, for the
purpose of addressing two hundred
thousand citizens of the Buckeye State?
Henry Clay.

Who has fiercely denounced Missis-
sippi repudiation? Henry Clay.

Who was the champion of the late
national repudiation act, alias, bankrupt
law? Who was most active and effi-
cient in favor of the annulment of
Messrs. Blair and Rives' contract with
the Senate. Henry Clay.

Who made a beautiful speech in fa-
vor of the Christian religion during the
days of the cholera? Henry Clay.

Who was afterwards the chief adviser
in the duel which resulted in the death
or murder of Jonathan Cilley? Henry Clay.

Who is held up by the whig party as
the most consistent, honest, and patri-
otic public man in the nation? HENRY
CLAY!!

AGRICULTURIST.



MODE OF INCREASING THE GROWTH OF POTATOES.

The flowers being cut off as they
appeared on the plants, the number of
potatoes produced was much greater
than where the blossoms had remained
untouched. Early in October, the
stems and leaves of the plants which
had not bore flowers, were strong
and green; the others yellow and in a
state of decay. The plants which had
been stripped of flowers produced (on
the same space of ground) about four
times the weight of large potatoes,
very few, small ones, being found.—
Those on which the flowers and fruit
were left, produced but a small number
of middle sized potatoes, with a great
number of little ones, from the size of
a common filbert to that of a walnut.

HARROWING GRAIN.

We have often found great benefit
(says an Agriculturist) in harrowing
grain in the spring of the year, as soon
as the ground is well settled and dry,
more especially wheat somewhat win-
ter killed. It stirs the earth, encour-
ages tilling, and adds to the vigor of
the growth of the plant. The harrow
should be followed by the roller, so as
to replace the roots of the plant which
may be laid bare by the harrow, and
crowd them into the earth.

HINT TO FARMERS.

It is said that spirits of turpentine is
a deadly enemy to all the insect tribe,
and, consequently, will destroy the bug
or worm which is found to prey upon
wheat and other grain. With a water-
ing pot, finely perforated in the spout,
a person may sprinkle a field of ten
acres without using more than two or
three gallons. The experiment, on a
small scale may easily be tried.

Living plants contain in their sub-
stance not only all they have drawn up
from the soil, but also a great part of
what they have drawn from the air.—
Plough in these living plants, and you
necessarily add to the soil more than
was taken from it; in other words, you
make it richer in "organic" matter. Re-
peat the process with a second crop,
and it becomes richer still; and it would
be difficult to define the limit beyond
which the process should no further be
carried.

"Jonathan, where was you going yes-
terday when I saw you going to mill?"

"Why, I was going to mill, to be
sure."

"Well, I wish I'd seen you, I'd got
you to carry a grist for me."

"Why, you did see me, didn't you?"

"Yes, but not until you had got clear
out of sight."

ITEMS.

The first court held within the terri-
tory now constituting the State of Ohio,
was opened at Marietta, (then Campus
Martius), on the 2nd of September 1788
Rufus Putnam Presiding.

The empire of woman is an empire of
softness, address and complacency; her
commands are caresses, her menaces
are tears.

A man requires seven hours sleep;
a woman eight; and a fool ten.

Administrator's Notice.

The subscriber having been appointed, by the
Court of Common Pleas, of Monroe county, O.
Administrator of the Estate of Elijah Stephen, late
of said County Dec'd, would ask those indebted
to said estate to make immediate payment, and all
having claims against the estate aforesaid will pre-
sent them legally authenticated for settlement
within one year from the date hereof.

JAMES R. MORRIS, Adm'r.
March, 1, 1844.—'84.

Executor's Notice.

The subscriber having received letters testamen-
ary of his appointment as Executor of the Estate
of Nathan Hollister Sr. dec'd, would give notice
to all those indebted to said estate to make im-
mediate payment, and those having claims against
said estate will please present them legally proven
for settlement within one year from this date.

JEREMIAH HOLLISTER, Ex'r.
March 1, 1844.—'84.

PROSPECTUS OF NED BUNTLINE'S MAGAZINE.

On the first day of May, 1844, the
subscriber will issue the first number of a
periodical work, to be entitled "NED
BUNTLINE'S MAGAZINE," edited by ED-
WARD BUNTLINE, Esq., late of the U. S.
Navy. It will contain two octavo
sheets, or thirty-two pages, and be pub-
lished on the first of every month, new
type having been procured for the pur-
pose, and arrangements made for superi-
or and finished mechanical work, it
will be issued in a style superior to any
thing heretofore published in the western
country.

Its contents will be composed of Bi-
ographies of distinguished characters,
Historical Tales and Sketches, Yarns
of the Sea, Moral and Scientific Essays,
Army and Navy News, Poetry, Criti-
ques, &c., &c., mostly original. The
original matter will be written entirely
by western writers of acknowledged
worth, who are already engaged to
contribute to the columns of this Maga-
zine. The subscriber is determined
to merit patronage, and asks a favor,
that which western editors and publish-
ers should demand as a right; a prefer-
ence for western talent and literature,
over the flood of Eastern publications
that are permitted to overrun the West,
to the ruinous detriment of its rising tal-
ent and genius.

It will be so conducted as to become
a favorite parlour companion. Price
\$2.00 per annum, payable invariably
on the receipt of the first number. Any
person forwarding a \$10 bank note,
current in this city, free of postage,
will receive 6 copies. Post Masters
authorised Agents. Editors of West-
ern papers inserting this Prospectus six
times, will be entitled to the Magazine
for one year.

E. Z. C. JUDSON,
Publisher and Proprietor,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

OHIO STATESMAN.

PAPER FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

We will furnish the large Weekly

Ohio Statesman, from March until after

the Presidential election, as follows:

For \$1.00, - - - 1 copy.

" \$10.00, - - - 12 copies.

" \$20.00, - - - 25 "

" \$40.00, - - - 50 "

This is the cheapest paper ever of-
fered to the people of Ohio, and we
shall be under the necessity, in all cases,
of receiving the money in advance.

The approaching campaign is of the
utmost importance to the safety, lib-
erty, and welfare of this government and
people.—The old bargain and bargain-
ers of 1824-5, between Adams and
Clay, must all come under review, and
the people must again decide that ques-
tion, and the thousand other questions
now connected with that black and
corrupt act, such as an assumption of
State debt, as decided upon by the
Maryland elections, and a resolution
just introduced into the Pennsylvania
Legislature—a U. S. Bank, &c. &c.
The times demand that every man
should do his duty—that every repub-
lican should be at his post—that truth
should be scattered wherever error is
found. We issue our Campaign Paper
to meet the wants of the numerous
CLUBS that have desired information
on the subject.

Democrats! let us at once go to
work.—The honor and salvation of
this Union depends on your exertions
—our soil, the soil of Oregon, is in dan-
ger if federalism gets power in our
Councils. Throw aside all minor ques-
tions, and stand forth for your coun-
try.

Where it is convenient, we should
prefer the CLUB papers to one direc-
tion.

Subscribers received at any time
during the month of March, will receive
their papers from the time their names
are received at this office, unless back
numbers should be on hand, when they
will be sent. A person forwarding
five dollars shall receive six copies.

All payments must be made in ad-
vance, as the price will not authorize
credits.

S. MEDARY.
February, 1844.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A weekly Journal.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

By JAMES R. MORRIS.

In assuming the control of a public
Journal, custom renders it necessary,
that the Editor should point out the
course he intends to pursue. He will
briefly say, that he intends to advocate
the measures of the Democratic Party;
and that he will inscribe on his ban-
ner, as the voice of Ohio, the name of
MARTIN VAN BUREN, for Presi-
dent of the United States, (subject to
the decision of a National Convention,) and
the name of DAVID TOD, as
the Democratic Candidate for Govern-
or of Ohio. In doing this, the Editor
flatters himself, that he meets the
approbation of the Democracy of
Monroe County.

In addition to the most important
News of the day, both Foreign and
Domestic, the paper will contain the
usual entertaining and instructive vari-
ety. One object, which the Editor
will keep constantly in view, and of
which he hopes never to lose sight,
will be to guard the interest of the
Farmers, Mechanics, and Working
men generally, in relation to their
rights and the duties they owe to
themselves and posterity.

The Congressional and Legislative
news will be given in the proper sea-
son; and all laws affecting township
officers will be published, each year,
before they arrive for distribution.

The Editor has at a considerable
expense, purchased a new printing
press and materials, and therefore
asks that his feeble exertions to please
and inform the public, may be met by
a corresponding liberality on the part
of his fellow-citizens, who are the
friends of LIBERTY and EQUAL RIGHTS.

TERMS.

"THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY" will
be issued on Friday of each week, on
an imperial sheet at \$1.50 a year, in
advance; \$2.00 if paid within six
months; \$2.50 if paid within the year,
and \$3.00 if payment be delayed till
the expiration of the year.

No paper will be discontinued,
except at the option of the Editor, un-
til all arrears are paid.

All communications sent by
mail, must be post paid.

Advertisements inserted at the usu-
al rates.

Bank Note Table.

OHIO.

Bank of Cincinnati,	failed
Bank of the United States Branch, Cincinnati and White water canal Co.	failed
Cincinnati Banking and Loan office,	failed
Consolidated Banking Company,	failed
Farmer's and Mechanic's bank,	failed
Miami Exporting Company,	38 dis.
Ohio and Cincinnati Loan Office,	failed
Otis Arnold & Company's Checks,	failed
Platt (J. H.) & Company's Bank, Bank of Circleville (new bank) chartered in 1818.	failed
Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton,	12 dis.
Bank of Gallipolis, Gallipolis,	failed
Bank of Steubenville, Steubenville,	failed
Bank of Mansfield, Mansfield,	failed
Bank of Sandusky Bay, L. Sandusky Western Banking Company.	failed
Bank of West Union, West Union, Canal Bank, Middletown,	failed
Commercial Bank of L. Erie, Cleveland	10 dis.
Commercial Bank of Scioto, Portsmouth	5 dis.
Farmer's Bank of Canton, Canton,	20 dis.
Farmer's Bank of New Salem, N. Salem,	failed
Farmer's & Mechanics Bank Chillicothe,	failed
Franklin Silk Company,	failed
German Bank of Wooster, Wooster,	failed
Georgia Insurance Company, Fairview,	failed
Granville Alexandria Son, Granville,	62 di.
Goshen, Wilmington & Company Colum- bus Turnpike Company,	failed
Hamilton and Rosville Manufacturing Co.	failed
Jefferson Bank, New Salem,	failed
Kirtland Safety Society, Bank of Kirtland	failed
Lebanon Miami Banking Co. Lebanon,	failed
Lancaster Ohio Bank, Lancaster,	10 dis.
Matamoras Insurance Company,	failed
Manhattan Bank, Manhattan,	failed
Monroe Falls Manufacturing Company	failed
Miami Exporting Co. Branch, Conneaut,	failed
Owl Creek Bank, Mount Vernon,	failed
Orphans' Institute Bank, Fulton,	failed
Ohio Rail Road Company, Richmond,	failed
Urbana Banking Company, Urbana,	48 dis.
Washington Insurance Company,	failed
Western Reserve Farmer's banking Company, in Brighton,	failed
Zanesville Canal & Man. Co. Zanesville	failed